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On the whole, we think this may rank among the very best works on chemistry, for the purposes for which it is designed, and that the scientific community is in no slight degree indebted to the gentleman, who has devoted the time, left from the arduous duties of his office, to this task. In connexion with the works of Professor Farrar, the present publication renders complete the series of text books on the physical sciences, which have emanated from Harvard University; and these reflect no less honor on the industry and talents of their authors, than on the institution with which they are connected.

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ART. VII.—*Recollections of the Last Ten Years, passed in occasional Residences and Journeyings in the Valley of the Mississippi, from Pittsburg and the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Florida to the Spanish Frontier; in a Series of Letters to the Rev. James Flint, of Salem, Massachusetts.* By TIMOTHY FLINT, Principal of the Seminary of Rapide, Louisiana. 8vo. pp. 395. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co.

THIS volume has been perused by us with great pleasure, and with much respect for the writer's talents and character. We have risen from it, indeed with a stronger sympathy, than we should wish to have occasion to feel with the author, in the hardships and sufferings endured by him and his family; with more vivid conceptions than we before possessed, of the peculiar aspect of the grand and beautiful features of the country he describes; with more enlarged views of its natural resources, of the extent and progress of its population; and with more favorable impressions of the general character of our fellow citizens of those vast and fertile regions, that border upon the Mississippi, and its mighty tributary streams from the east and the west.

That wide portion of our country, which is somewhat vaguely denominated 'the Valley of the Mississippi,' is daily growing in importance and interest. It presents a fruitful theme of anxious contemplation and prophetic conjecture to the statesman and philanthropist, as the destined theatre of future events and exhibitions of human character, of the most solemn import to the

welfare of mankind; as the scene of the future trial of those broad principles of freedom in governments, and of toleration in religion, assumed as the basis of our national constitution, never before put to the test of actual experiment in any country. In that region it is to be determined whether, with the increase of our wealth, and the full developement of our physical resources, our intellectual and moral progress will be adequate to maintain our republican forms of government, and whether the community of interests, or the reciprocal advantages of political union, will be felt to be strong enough to keep us together, when the preponderance of population and power shall have passed far to the west of the Alleghanies. It is an interesting country, as it will long continue to offer a wide field for the emigrating and enterprising population of the older states, and as the great receptacle of the shoals of foreigners, good and bad, that yearly cross the seas to seek, under the tutelar genius of American liberty, an asylum from the oppression, the poverty, or the justice of their native country. It is an interesting region from its physical conformation, its magnificent rivers and forests, its vast alluvions and prairies, its partially explored natural history, the unrivalled fertility of its soil, the facility and richness of its agriculture; as not only abounding with the most valuable staple products of the Atlantic states, but as the land of the sugar cane, and to be one day the land of the vine and the olive, as it now is of many of the delicious fruits of the tropics.

The first discovery of that country was by the French from Canada. In the latter part of the seventeenth century (1683), three adventurers, following the chain of the lakes, penetrated the wilderness to the junction of the Illinois with the Mississippi, which they descended to its mouth. They gave the name of Louisiana to the boundless forests east and west of the Mississippi, in compliment to Louis the Fourteenth, in whose name they took possession of the country. In process of time, different positions, from the mouth far up the Mississippi, were occupied by French colonists, and in 1717 the city of New Orleans was laid out, and its building commenced. Of the travellers, who visited and described that country, the earliest and most distinguished were foreigners, who saw it before its pathless forests and boundless solitudes had resounded to the stroke of the Anglo-American emigrant's axe, while its sparse and languishing settlements were restricted to the borders of the rivers, and under the ancient French and Spanish dominions.

Until the cession of Louisiana to the American government, under the administration of Mr Jefferson, little was known of the Western country, beyond the American settlements, in the new states of Ohio and Kentucky; for little interest had been felt respecting it, among the people of the old states. Volney, and some others, had published their observations, from which we had learned little more, than that it was a vast wilderness, occupied by wandering hordes of savages; and Chateaubriand had peopled it with beings of his own creation, and had pictured it to our imagination, as the region of romance. Since it became the theatre of enterprise to the adventurous and active citizens of the older states, we have had accounts of it, more or less extended, from various sources, but, for the most part, from interested speculators and land jobbers. Or if a man of intelligence and liberal views, and capable of accurate and philosophic observation, gave us notices of that country, he either had not resided there a sufficient time, or had not extended his views so widely, or come in contact so nearly and familiarly with the various gradations and characters of the inhabitants, as to enable him to satisfy our curiosity, upon many interesting points of inquiry, relating to a region, which, though under the same government and laws, remained, till within a short period, a kind of *terra incognita* to the good people on this side of the mountains. Brackenridge's Views of Louisiana, Darby's geographical tract, the more recent work of Schoolcraft, and Long's Expeditions, have contributed essentially to enlarge our knowledge, and correct our misapprehensions, of the Western country and people. Still, of a country so rapidly filling up, and of a population receiving such constant and heterogeneous accessions, the changes must be so great, that we eagerly welcome an author who brings more recent information of it.

Mr Flint is not one of the common herd of travel writers and journal makers, 'who' as he remarks 'travel post, or are wafted through a country in a steamboat, and assume, on the ground of having thus traversed it, to know all about it.' His opportunities for acquainting himself with the region and the people he describes, were such, as with the other requisites, of which he has proved himself possessed, would authorize any man to undertake the task, which he assumed, of writing for the public, as well as for his friends. 'I have,' says he, in his introductory letter, 'drunk of every considerable stream, that yields tribute to the Mississippi, far from the parent channel; have traversed the

country in all directions ; have resided a considerable time in the northern, middle, and southern divisions, and in the discharge of duties, which necessarily brought me in contact with all classes of the inhabitants ; so that, as far as long and familiar observation of the country can qualify one to describe it, I am so qualified.' What is more to the purpose, his intellectual, moral, and literary qualifications fitted him to avail himself of these advantages, and to impart attractions and an interest to his narrative, which such qualifications only can impart to a work of this kind. He unites properties which do not often meet in the same mind, a capacity for discriminating and philosophic observation, a true tact and common sense logic, with the imagination, feeling, and romantic sentiment of the poet and novelist. He is manifestly a true and ardent lover of nature, and has shown himself, throughout his book, alive to the new, magnificent, and diversified scenery, which, in the wide range of his survey, presented itself to his observation. His deep and vivid sympathy with the varying aspects of the physical universe, which opened to his view in the Western world, gives to his narrative one of its most peculiar and engaging features. There is a truth, a distinctness, a graphic fidelity in his descriptions, which make the reader feel himself to be a present spectator of the objects and occurrences he describes. Nothing is more observable, than the facility with which he adapts the tone of his mind and feelings to the influences of the surrounding scenery, to the changes of the elements, and to the character of the events through which he passes and the circumstances in which he is placed. As he feels strongly and deeply, he heightens, no doubt, by the colorings of his imagination, the hues of the gay or sad vicissitudes which befell him. Yet there is an air of good faith and reality in what he relates, which convinces us, that we may listen to him with the confidence, with which a man, at his fireside, receives the communications of a friend of tried integrity, telling the tale of his eventful wanderings and various fortunes after an absence of many years.

It is not strange that a mind, obviously so susceptible of enjoyment and suffering in their extremes, should frequently dwell in retrospect upon the painful events of his 'ten years' residence and journeyings,' and upon the depressing gloom, and the sickness of the heart, resulting from disappointed expectations, frustrated projects, and disease and privations of every sort, which were endured in a strange land, remote from the succour and sympathy

of the friends he had left. With this propensity of the author we are not displeased, but think his work derives much interest from the intimate acquaintance, to which it admits us, with his personal character and fortunes. It has the peculiar charm of an autobiography, written by a man of cultivated intellect, disclosing his thoughts and the hidden workings of his soul, under various novel circumstances. It is but just, moreover, to remember, what the author states in his introductory letter. 'If in the following pages, the feelings of the writer occupy too conspicuous a place in the view of that severe ordeal, in which the square and compass are applied to works of this kind, let it be remembered, that these pages were chiefly intended for the eye of friends, to whom, it was well known, such would be the most interesting parts of the work.' We perceive nothing like repining in the mention he makes of his hardships. We have been even edified, by the sustaining spirit with which he was borne up under the pressure of calamitous circumstances. We have admired the elasticity of mind, which enabled him to rise from one disease and disaster after another, and to prosecute his objects, still receding as he advanced, through so many discouragements, and by so frequent and distant removals. At the same time, nothing important escapes his observation. He forgets himself, and all that is depressing in his condition, when a fine view upon the rivers or the prairies, a bland atmosphere, a beautiful day, or a moonlight scene appeals to his love of nature; or when he meets with any novelty of character, or falls among people, with whom he can enjoy the mental restorative of endeared society, and the interchange of the amiable courtesies of life. He could be happy in the rude cabins of the *backwoodsmen*. And he bears ample testimony to the kindness and hospitality, to the rough exterior indeed, but substantial honesty and worthiness of character, which he found in these pioneers of civilization.

One valuable effect of the work among us will be, to allay local jealousies, soften prejudices, correct misapprehensions, and divest the Western character of many unfavorable associations, with which it has been too long connected in this quarter; and to strengthen sentiments of mutual esteem between the people of the East and the West.

The author goes little into detail. He does not deal in statistics, in speculations upon political economy, in exact admeasurements, numbers, and tables. His concern is chiefly with the

physical and moral aspects of the country ; the general effects of social labor and enterprise in a region, recently the domain of savages and wild beasts ; the state of society, the progress of knowledge, morals, religion, refinement ; and the characteristics of the Western people, resulting from their peculiar position and circumstances. His readers will sometimes wish, that he had been more minute, and had filled up more completely some of his outlines and unfinished sketches. His disquisitions, of which there are several interspersed in different letters, are not spun out with a heavy prolixity. Those upon the character of the Indians and negroes, and their distinctive qualities, and upon the advantages and disadvantages in the condition of the New England emigrant in the Western country, are the principal ones ; and though we may not agree with all his views, yet his observations are full of interest. He carries the reader along with him to the last, if not always instructed, yet seldom displeased, often delighted, and never fatigued.

We make haste to point out the course of the author's journeyings, during the ten years, the Recollections of which he has embodied in his work.

He leaves ' the land of his fathers,' and the place in which he had performed ' a laborious and secluded ministry ' of fourteen years, in October, 1815, travelling leisurely with his family in the common route through Philadelphia, and over the Alleghany hills, to Pittsburg. After a short stay in that place, he passes down the Ohio to Wheeling, is detained there a few days by sickness, takes a boat again, and arrives at Marietta. At the close of November he departs for Cincinnati, where he passes the winter. In March he performs a tour of observation and preaching through part of Ohio, the southern frontier of Indiana, and part of the state of Kentucky, as far as Lexington ; returns to Cincinnati, and in the middle of April embarks with his family on board a *keelboat* ; enters the Mississippi on the 28th of the same month, and on the 24th of May arrives at St Louis. In September he leaves St Louis for St Charles, as a better situation for the discharge of his wide range of missionary duties. Here he remains, variously occupied, till the spring of 1819, nearly three years, when, induced by flattering encouragements, he goes down the Mississippi to Arkansas. There every thing proves adverse, his family fall sick, and, after passing a gloomy summer, he reascends the Mississippi, touching at St Francisville, and spending the winter of 1819-20, and the year follow-

ing, at New Madrid and Jackson, when he explored the counties of Cape Girardeau, St Genevieve, and the adjacent country. He returns in the autumn of 1821 to St Charles, where, with all the members of his family except one, he is arrested by severe and protracted illness. There he remains till the autumn of 1822, when, having received the requisite means from his New England friends, he descends the Mississippi to New Orleans, spends the winter there, opens a school the summer following on the Florida side of Lake Pontchartrain, returns to New Orleans in the autumn, and while there receives an invitation to take charge of the seminary of Rapide, in Alexandria, on Red river. At this station he remains, till a broken constitution obliges him, in 1825, to suspend his duties, and revisit the place of his nativity to recruit his health.

From the nature of the work, it would be difficult, if not impracticable to give our readers more than a general idea of its contents. Evidently written, as it purports to be, from vivid recollections of what had been most deeply traced upon the memory, the only order seems to be that of the ideas and remembrances, associated with the places, through which he passed, and in which he sojourned. Without any very distinct method, he passes, by easy and natural transitions, 'from grave to gay,' from the most exhilarating to the most gloomy descriptions, from verdant savannahs to swamps of funereal cypress, from the mountains to the valleys, from 'the void waste' to 'the city full,' from the recent village to the solitary log house in the wilderness.

He at one time paints to us the boundless forests in the melow and fading splendor of autumn, or renovated in all the exuberant verdure and lavish bloom of a Western spring. Then the canvass exhibits the river craft, and that unique race, the boatmen of the western waters. We now see them floating at their ease down the stream, or with the pole, with the *cordelle*, or by *bushwhacking*, toiling slowly against the mighty current of the Mississippi and its tributaries. By and by we see, ascending and descending the same streams, as by enchantment, the rapid steamboat. The column of smoke, the gay streamers, the crowded deck, the equable movement of the gliding pageant, pass under our eye. The children from the shore look with eager gaze upon the imposing spectacle, as it marches by in its path of foam. Level bottoms and towering bluffs alternate before us. We see the dead trees still standing among the new



villages, springing from the bosom of the wilderness, or we behold, from an eminence, the lately arrived emigrant setting himself down in the beautiful and lovely solitude, which he has chosen for his residence. The scene is changed, and we are introduced to the rough, but frank and hospitable *backwoodsman*, with his rifle in hand, his dogs at his heels, 'all girt for the chase,' receiving his visitant with little appearance, but with all the reality, of a cordial welcome. The preachers, the lawyers, the great and little men of the West, the Indian, the negro, the fanatic, the venerable chronicler of 'the olden time,' the fresh and lovely 'rose of the prairie,' successively pass in review before us. Many amusing, and some affecting anecdotes are related. The classical allusions are numerous and happy. The reflections are often original and sensible, and indicate a mind accustomed to hold 'large discourse, looking before and after,' and rich in its own resources. We are, at length wafted from the upper country to the busy mart of New Orleans, and soon after find the author living delightfully in the pine woods. The next letter brings us back to New England, and we are taken upon a pleasant trip with the author and his friend to Saratoga springs, a review of which, with remarks upon the changes in the physical and moral aspect of the land of his birth, as they struck him after an absence of ten years, in a letter from Cincinnati, written on his return to Alexandria, concludes the work.

In selecting such passages as afford the most favorable specimens of the author's manner, we find so many of equal merit, that we are perplexed in our choice. The following is a description of the bright side in a picture of the boatmen's life. After remarking, that it is not strange that this mode of life should have irresistible attractions for the young people who live on the banks of the river, he continues ;

'The boats float by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward—all these circumstances harmonize in the excited youthful imagination. The boatmen are dancing to the violin on the deck of their boat. They scatter their wit among the girls on the shore, who come down to the water's edge to see the pageant pass. The boat glides on until it disappears behind a point of wood. At this moment, perhaps, the

bugle, with which all the boats are provided, strikes up its note in the distance over the water. These scenes, and these notes, echoing from the bluffs of the beautiful Ohio, have a charm for the imagination, which, although I have heard it a thousand times repeated, and at all hours and in all positions, is even to me always new and always delightful.' pp. 15, 16.

We take next our author's account of the Arcadian beauty and simplicity of the emigrant's establishment, upon the rich lands in Ohio.

'In making remoter journeys from the town, beside the rivulets, and in the little bottoms, not yet in cultivation, I discerned the smoke rising in the woods, and heard the strokes of the axe, the tinkling of bells, and the baying of dogs, and saw the newly arrived emigrant either raising his log cabin, or just entered into possession. It has afforded me more pleasing reflections, a happier train of associations, to contemplate these beginnings of social toil in the wide wilderness, than, in our more cultivated regions, to come in view of the most sumptuous mansion. Nothing can be more beautiful than these little bottoms, upon which these emigrants, if I may so say, deposite their household gods. Springs burst forth in the intervals between the high and low grounds. The trees and shrubs are of the most beautiful kind. The brilliant redbird is seen flitting among the shrubs, or, perched on a tree, seems welcoming, in her mellow notes, the emigrant to his abode. Flocks of paroquets are glittering among the trees, and grey squirrels are skipping from branch to branch. In the midst of these primeval scenes, the patient and laborious father fixes his family. In a few weeks they have reared a comfortable cabin, and other outbuildings. Pass this place in two years, and you will see extensive fields of corn and wheat; a young and thrifty orchard, fruit trees of all kinds, the guarantee of present abundant subsistence and of future luxury. Pass it in ten years, and the log buildings will have disappeared. The shrubs and forest trees will be gone. The Arcadian aspect of humble and retired abundance and comfort, will have given place to a brick house, with accompaniments like those, that attend the same kind of house in the older countries. By this time the occupant, who came there with, perhaps, a small sum of money, and moderate expectations, from humble life, and with no more than a common school education, has been made, in succession, member of the assembly, justice of the peace, and finally county judge.'

'I admit that the first residence among the trees affords the most agreeable picture to my mind; and that there is an inexpressible charm in the pastoral simplicity of those years, before

pride and self consequence have banished the repose of their Eden, and when you witness the first struggles of social toil with the barren luxuriance of nature.' pp. 52, 53.

The author's account of the fleet of boats with their contents, which he saw at the mouth of the Bayou, near New Madrid, on their way to New Orleans, will give the reader an idea of the products of the upper country.

' In the spring, one hundred boats have been numbered, that landed in one day at the mouth of the Bayou, at New Madrid. I have strolled to the point on a spring evening, and seen them arriving in fleets. The boisterous gaiety of the hands, the congratulations, the moving picture of life on board the boats, in the numerous animals, large and small, which they carry, their different loads, the evidence of the increasing agriculture of the country above, and more than all, the immense distances which they have already come, and those which they have still to go, afforded to me copious sources of meditation. You can name no point from the numerous rivers of the Ohio and the Mississippi, from which some of these boats have not come. In one place there are boats loaded with planks, from the pine forests of the southwest of New York. In another quarter are the Yankee *notions* of Ohio. From Kentucky, pork, flour, whiskey, hemp, tobacco, bagging, and bale rope. From Tennessee there are the same articles, together with great quantities of cotton. From Missouri and Illinois, cattle and horses, the same articles generally as from Ohio, together with peltry and lead from Missouri. Some boats are loaded with corn in the ear and in bulk; others with barrels of apples and potatoes. Some have loads of cider, and what they call 'cider royal,' or cider that has been strengthened by boiling or freezing. There are dried fruits, every kind of spirits manufactured in these regions, and in short, the products of the ingenuity and agriculture of the whole upper country of the West. They have come from regions, thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union. The surfaces of the boats cover some acres. Dunghill fowls are fluttering over the roofs, as an invariable appendage. The chanticleer raises his piercing note. The swine utter their cries. The cattle low. The horses trample, as in their stables. There are boats fitted on purpose, and loaded entirely with turkeys, that, having little else to do, gobble most furiously. The hands travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, and form alliances to yield mutual assistance to each other, on their descent from this to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore to raise the wind in

town. It is well for the people of the village, if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening ; in which case I have seen the most summary and strong measures taken. About midnight the uproar is all hushed. The fleet unites once more at Natches, or New Orleans, and, although they live on the same river, they may, perhaps, never meet each other again on the earth.

‘ Next morning, at the first dawn, the bugles sound. Every thing in and about the boats, that has life, is in motion. The boats, in half an hour, are all under way. In a little while they have all disappeared, and nothing is seen, as before they came, but the regular current of the river.’ pp. 103, 104.

The following story of a desperate and successful defence of a log house, against a party of hostile Indians, partakes a little of the marvellous ; but it is well told.

‘ The name of the hero in question [whom the author knew] was Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman, who solicited, and, I am sorry to say, in vain, a compensation for his bravery from Congress. It occurred at *Côte sans Dessein*, on the Missouri. A numerous band of northern savages, amounting to four hundred, beset the garrison house, into which he, his wife, and another man had retreated. They were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles in the house. They immediately began to fire upon the Indians. The wife melted and moulded the lead, and assisted in loading, occasionally taking her shot with the other two. Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The wife relates, that the guns would soon become too much heated to hold in the hand. Water was necessary to cool them. It was, I think, on the second day of the siege, that Roy’s assistant was killed. He became impatient to look on the scene of execution, and see what they had done. He put his eye to the port hole, and a well aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation. They were encouraged by the momentary slackening of the fire, to approach the house, and fire it over the heads of Roy and his wife. He deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched from the shower of balls. What must have been the nights of this husband and wife ? After four days of unavailing siege, the Indians gave a yell, exclaimed, that the house was a “grand medicine,” meaning, that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away. They left behind forty bodies to attest the marksmanship and steadiness of the besieged, and a peck of balls, collected from the logs of the house.’ pp. 162, 163.

We close our extracts with the history of 'the rose of the prairie,' a Miss Jamieson, of whose parents the author makes affectionate mention in his letters.

'She was long a pupil in my family. From the first of her residence with us she was an object of general attention, for she was beautiful, the rose of the prairie, and she was at the most interesting period of life; and she was gay and untamed in the possession of an uncontrolled flow of spirits, and as buoyant as the fawn of her own prairie. The regulations of a religious family in that region differ widely from ours. When she first resided with us she was disposed to consider our rules as odious, and our restrictions as tyranny. But in the progress of her studies and of more mature acquaintance, she became tranquil, satisfied, and studious, exhibiting an affectionate submission, that endeared her to us all. She soon became to me as one of my children. A conversation, which I had with her, during that severe sickness, which I have mentioned, will long be remembered in my family. Contrary to all expectations, I recovered, and had the satisfaction to see the pensive thoughtfulness, that had long been gathering on her brow, assume the form of piety and religion. When we were about to depart from that region for the Arkansas, her parting from my family was affectionate and solemn. I crossed the Missouri with her, and listened with delight to her views, her resolutions, and the plans, which she proposed for her future life. You will believe, that they were not the less interesting to me for being seasoned with a spirit of romance. But she laid down, as the outline, the steady and unalterable guidance of religion. The counsels which I gave her, as we were passing the stream, were of course paternal and affectionate, for I expected to meet her no more.'

'Why should I refrain from giving a few more details of this interesting young woman, through fear that this page should take the form of romance.' 'My mind and my memory suggest in the case of this young person, so dear to my family, far more than I shall relate, and instead of wishing to color, I shall be obliged to touch only, the remaining incidents of her short career. There resided in her father's family a very respectable young man. He was rather silent and reserved in his manners, but thinking, intelligent, and of a very different cast from the young men in his vicinity. Still, he was not exactly calculated to win the affections of a beautiful young woman, in whose mind there was, perhaps, but one obliquity, and that had been caused by the perusal of the novels of the day. He was not her hero, her "beau ideal." We knew his worth. We knew his true and honorable affection, truly and honorably expressed. He was in a respectable employ-

ment, and looked to the very lucrative and respectable office, which he has since held in the country of St. Louis. Mrs. F. who knew the wishes of her parents, labored the point with her, that the prospect of good sense, fidelity, tried affection, and honorable support, were the best guarantees of happiness in the wedded state. It was not easy to dispel the day dreams, which she had fostered from the idle reading of the day. But with the growing influence of religion, there grew up also more sober and just surveys of life and its duties, and a stronger wish to gratify her parents in the first desire of their hearts. She was engaged to this young man, and on my return with my family from Arkansas, I heard with great pleasure, that she was shortly to reward his honorable and persevering attachment, with her hand. The wedding day was fixed, and all was sober expectation of tranquillity and happiness. The charming and endeared eldest daughter was to be fixed near the plantation of her father. Another square with its compartments of verdure was to be struck out of the brown of the heath. I envy no man, if it be not the father that so settles beloved children around him. This young man, in view of his prospects, probably envied no man. She was suddenly siezed with one of the terrible fevers of the country, which riot so fatally in a frame so elastic and healthful as hers. It ought to cheer us that we may lay hold of a resource, which will enable us to triumph over human passions and fears, over love and death. The sincerity of her religion was tested in this way.'

'She called her lover to her bed, and took of him the tenderest parting. She sang with the family the simple, but sweet hymn, so common in that country, and in which she delighted when in health; "The day is past and gone," &c. She bade them farewell, and closed her eyes in peace upon all the joyful prospects that were opening before her. Circumstances, not necessary to detail, compelled them to make her bridal dress her shroud. The father, the mother, soon followed this daughter, too dearly loved, too deeply lamented. I have been in view of this desolate habitation, but I have not wished to enter it. I have felt more intensely than ever, as I saw these cabins again, the pathetic close of the story of "Paul and Virginia."' pp. 194—197.

An obvious fault in this work is the confusion, which the reader experiences in its perusal, arising from the circumstance, that the author seems sometimes to be writing at Alexandria, sometimes in New England, and at other times it is difficult to conjecture where. Instances of repetition in thought and language frequently occur. The same word is often repeated un-

gracefully in the same sentence, where a synonyme would save the awkwardness, and express the sense equally well. The threadbare quotation, 'longing, lingering look behind,' comes upon us something like half a dozen times. Many parts of the work bear evident marks of haste in the composition. We notice these, not as flagrant faults, but as blemishes, which a little more attention, or careful revision would have prevented. The author's doctrine, that the slaves in Louisiana are the 'happiest people there, and in general *far more so than their masters,*' is extraordinary, to say the least of it. If such be the true state of things, the wonder is, that the masters are not wise enough to change places with their slaves, and grasp for themselves the felicity of servitude. Why be the wretched master, when it is so easy to turn the tables, and become the happy slave?

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ART. VIII.—*The Works of Anna Letitia Barbauld, with a Memoir by Lucy Aikin.* 2 vols. 12mo. New York; and Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mrs Barbauld may be considered a fortunate and successful writer. It is now more than half a century since she became a favorite with the public. Her first efforts succeeded in obtaining the applause of those, who were capable of receiving gratification from chaste productions of taste and intellect; and her early fame was not clouded by any deficiencies or negligence, in the attempts of maturer years. She published only at long intervals, and sparingly, during a protracted life, and gave to the world, therefore, only her best thoughts, struck out in her happier moments of inspiration, and carefully revised and polished. She always secured public respect. Few, who have written in our times, have inspired more warm and uniform regard; few have left a name, which virtue and taste will more delight to honor.

The age is marked not more by the amount, than by the excellence, of its female literature. Until within a comparatively recent period, the appearance of a female writer, of merit sufficient to secure her a place among the classical authors of her country, was a rare phenomenon. We had a Dacier, a Mon-